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OXFORD REMINISCENCES.

VACATION.

IN St Martin's, term always ends on a Saturday. A few men may get permission to 'go down' on Friday evening; but it is on Saturday that the college is properly said to 'go down.' There is no public gathering of the tutors and students. Each student goes privately to his tutors and to the Dean; makes with them arrangements about the 'reading' to be done in the vacation; says good-bye; and goes off when and how he likes, provided he go on that day. Unless he have particular permission, he cannot remain in college or in Oxford even for one night. His name has been taken off the kitchen list; and after that, he can neither have anything from the kitchen or buttery, nor can he dine in 'hall.' He says good-bye to his friends; pays his 'scouts'; tips the porters, the messenger, and the boot-cleaner; and goes off in a cab with sensations of his own.

Usually about a dozen men, each by special permission given, remain 'up' in college till Monday. But it is vacation. There are no chapels. The college bells do not ring. In term, there is an early bell at seven o'clock, another at half-past seven, and the chapel bell at eight. These are henceforth silent till term begin again. After Monday, two or three men may still linger in college, each with his own reason for being there; and they disappear one knows not when.

At the end of the October and summer terms there are 'schools,' that is, university examinations. Men in for 'schools,' of course remain in residence so long as they need. Sometimes one solitary man is thus left, with the college all to himself. But that is not often the case. At the end of the Lent term, there are none but private college examinations; and these are held in the last week of term.

The great university examinations come in the summer term. Men who are 'in' for any of these, sometimes think it better to remain in

residence during the whole of the Easter vacation, to read in unbroken quiet; and for this, permission is readily given by the tutors. Such was my own case.

About a dozen men dined in 'hall' on Sunday; on Monday, about half-a-dozen. On Tuesday, we received a message from the cook that dinner would be laid that evening and throughout the vacation at seven o'clock, as usual—in the lower lecture-room in the Fellows' 'quad.' When we came there, we found ourselves to be four only—all staying up to read. I had not made the acquaintance of any one of the other three before this; they were all 'senior' to myself. But thrown together in this way, we had at once a necessary supposed acquaintance. We four undergraduates, we and the college porter at the lodge, had St Martin's all to ourselves. Kaimes of Aberdeen was the most 'senior' man; he lived in the New Buildings. Graves and Cole both lived in the front quadrangle. I lived in the back quadrangle, where the library is, and under the library at the foot of the chapel tower. If any of the 'dons' were in residence that vacation, I know not; I saw no sight of one.

The quiet of the place became profound. All day long no foot broke the silence except at breakfast and lunch times, when the 'scout' came in, and was gone again. In the city, like change had come. During the first few days, an unmistakable cab might be seen taking some loiterer with his luggage away to the railway station. But the High was deserted. It was a new sensation. In the morning, no bells rang from chapel towers. The city clocks were like police in the deserted days, and were heard now over half the town. I awoke each morning with feelings such as a schoolboy has when he awakes at home on the first mornings of the holidays. The accustomed sounds were absent. It was not as if you were at home in the country, but as if you were in the solitude of a lonely moated grange in the silent mediæval time.

The weather of that spring-time was very pleasant. The days were bright; or they were

190456

clouded only with an even unmoving fleece of cloud; and the air was mild and sweet. St Martin's is by the meadows. Beyond the green expanse of grass are the elms of Christ Church; and beyond the elms are the Christ Church meadows. Through the trees and across the meadows, you can in the sunlight catch the gleam of the river. There were at that time in Christ Church elms many wood-pigeons. There were rooks also about there; and jackdaws in our chapel tower. From the elms, the sweet voices of the doves came across to St Martin's. The quiet and the sweetness of the place had an influence on us. There was a drowsiness over the world. The inhabitants who toiled had departed; and the place was enjoying its Sabbath. Even the scouts, who are quite unsentimental persons, yielded to that power. It was a Sleepy Hollow; and they were its new Rip Van Winkles. They came late in the morning, went about their work leisurely, and were gone again. The morning sun lit up the tower, and crept down the western side of the quadrangle while the other sides lay in cool shadow. My rooms were on the ground-floor, under the library. One window looked out into the quadrangle. Its stone window-sill is worn by the feet of men who have lived there, and for idleness were used to come in and go out by the window. The back windows and the window of my bedroom looked into the chapel close, where there is smooth-shaven grass under shrubs and young trees. Beyond the close is the ivied wall of the college of St Botolph.

The sunlight came in through the window with the footworn sill, and lit up with a morning light the breakfast-table, always laid when I chose to come to it. But it came not so welcome there; for in his room at breakfast, the coffee-drinking student cared more for the brightness of firelight and an artificial cheerfulness. I sat down to my coffee always with a relish for it; and in St Martin's kitchen they know, or at least knew at that time how to make good coffee. We were the lotus-eaters of the cloister. We seemed to be giving

Our minds and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy:
To muse and dream and live again in memory
With the old faces of our infancy.

At breakfast-time, the college porter came in with the letters, if there were any—though that was not often. He was respectful, monosyllabic. As he came and went on the flags, under the long arched corridors, his steps echoed remotely; and this echoing made the corridors seem longer than they actually were. When he went back, one could not but follow his echoing steps till they died away behind the chapel. When I was breakfasting leisurely, as was usual with me, one sunny morning, I heard steps, and thought it to be the porter's. It proved to be Kaimes, coming through the other corridor at the other end of the library. He came in. He was smoking. With the slight apology that one as briefly waves down, he continued to smoke, and lay down on my sofa. With one leg high in air, and over the knee of the other, he gazed at the ceiling through the little blue smoke-wreath.

'It's a strange place this—in vacation,' he began, after smoking a while in silence.

I assented.

'Do you know,' said he, 'I begin to find it awfully hard to get any reading done.'

'I quite believe you,' was my response.

He was gazing dreamily at the ceiling; and after a time, said in soliloquy: 'Very strange!' So he smoked on, and finished his pipe; and went out and across the quadrangle to his own rooms. Half an hour afterwards I saw him cross my quadrangle in his boating flannels. He called out to me that he was going down the river to Abingdon to-day; he couldn't read.

Each morning I took down my books and read as became me. There was nothing to disturb me. And so the morning passed away. Robert, my scout, came in at one o'clock with my lunch. I put away my books; the morning was over.

In college, the men always have breakfast and lunch in their own rooms. They all dine together in the evening. After lunch, I obeyed my mood. To obey my mood was oftenest to obey my habit, and go off to the upper river. The 'upper river' is that part of the Isis above the city. From St Martin's to the barges on the upper river is a walk of two miles. One hires a boat at the barges. From the barges to Godstow is a row of two miles up the river. On the eastern side is the wide level Port Meadow; on the western side, moist fields shaded by elms, and here and there by the water-courses, by pollard willows; and beyond, the wooded hills of Wytham in Berkshire.

The meadows and banks were already green again; and the trees had a powdering of new foliage. The cuckoo had come. The water had lost its harsh winter colour, and had again the light and gleam of the coming summer.

Godstow Inn, the landing-place of all who ply on the Isis, was deserted. I had the place all my own. I loitered about the landing-place; turned into the idle inn, and tasted the ale in melancholy silence. I wandered across the meadows to Wytham Mill; leaned there on the footbridge day after day, or went round by Wytham village. There were nightingales in the woods of Wytham Hall; but I heard none. The cuckoo I heard always. There was no ill omen for me; for I sought no success in love, and could have no failure. And so, breathing the air of that old-world place, I came back by Godstow Priory, from which the life and glory had departed three centuries gone. I untied my boat, and floated down the river homewards. The west was red; the trees were motionless on the banks; and in the underworld as reflected in the stream the trees also were motionless and the clouds red.

They were indeed halcyon days; not joyous—and yet there was joy; not popular, as the days that come after in the golden summer term; heavenly, for they had for me intimations of a world on the borders of which I became more conscious of living. How quietly alone did I walk home over the smooth meadow to the town. On the meadow, the town boys were already, with insufficient last year's bats, playing irregular cricket. To-day was as yesterday; and to-morrow will become as to-day. Those yesterdays and to-days are all over long ago.

We dined at seven o'clock, in a lecture-room in the dons' quadrangle. Kaimes being the senior man, had an arm-chair at the head of the table.

We had been exiled from 'hall' to dine here—from the hall, with its high open roof of oak, with its wainscot of oak, all round which were the armorial bearings of founders and benefactors, with its portraits of the founder and of the mightiest of the alumni, with its ancient hearth, the dogs of brass, and the mighty embers. We had been exiled from the long oaken tables, from underneath which looked out of the carved oak, heads of mediæval spirits. We had been driven from the lectern at which the junior scholars pronounce the Latin grace—the lectern was a grace in itself. We were in exile, eating our dinner in a lecture-room, at the tutor's writing-table. The lecture-room was felt to be a grievance. In the background was a dreary array of students' examination desks and cane-bottomed chairs, all covered with dust. Through the windows we had an outlook across a little grass plot at blank walls where the kitchens are. But they still sent us the ale in silver pint-pots. We were spared the indignity of drinking college ale from tumblers. Mighty is the ale of St Martin's College in Oxford. Reader, thou hast not quaffed a mightier liquor of malt. It can be drunk from silver pots alone.

We dined leisurely. Kaimes was not a man of much conversation; but Cole always had plenty to say. Graves seldom dined with us. He was seldom seen by any one. So the evening darkened in the low-ceiled lecture-room. How much more touching had it been in the gloom and grandeur of the Gothic hall. But it was the same gloom of evening; it made us quiet, perhaps sad. We rose together, and each one went off to his own rooms. They were shadowy enough—lighted only by the red firelight. The scout set the kettle on the fire, set the tea-things on the table, and withdrew for the night. I made tea, and sipped it in the firelight. There was no sound, no voice, only the college clock telling the quarter-hours. Once or twice the bells of Magdalen rang peals, faintly heard down in our dark solitude. Once or twice 'the merry Christ Church bells' chimed their 'one, two, three, four.' Thus was each evening spent—till the time came that I cared to light my lamp and begin to read.

I usually read on till two or three in the morning. Often I did not hear the clocks strike at all. Sometimes, in a pause, I heard the clocks strike twelve. Then, in a pause again, I could hear them strike the hour of two or of three; at which I went off to bed. There was a ghost in the library, they said. I thought of it. But my heart was too sophisticated perhaps to fear or to hear its mysterious tread. One did not always light one's lamp to read for the 'schools.' *Non schola sed vita.* But it was not for life either. It was sometimes to read in the poets' sweet pages—to read slowly over again the dear familiar poems.

Thus I followed with the inward eye the images of things one after another, till the moving time stood still, and I was left

Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.

There were moods too, in which one must write something—'prose or worse;' letters that were eventually not sent to the post—letters also that were not meant to be sent. And so one left

them unfinished, left the problems unsolved, hopes unrealised—though one felt little of it then. In the early morning, the sun came in through the window with its footworn sill of stone. The student lay thereby asleep—in dreams. The sun looked on the unfinished works of the man! Gentlest of critics! Where in all the world shall be found another so gentle, and yet so truthfully severe withal?

The last week of the vacation came at length. Then entered the men-mechanical bearing the signs of their profession—carpet-beaters, chimney-sweeps, glaziers, cabinet-makers. The scouts were about in college all day long. Our solitude was invaded. No council of war was held by the four inhabitants, but each one independently evacuated the place. I turned out after breakfast, and wandered to Ifley, or to Shotover, or into 'New' or 'John's' gardens—there to read a novel.

I always came back by the High. There too was a beginning of activity. One saw again unmistakable cabs with the first arrivals—harbingers of the coming term. They were men of other colleges, and unknown to me, yet to whom I was bound by a something that gave me involuntary pleasure. There came the anticipation of meeting one's friends, of experiencing again the pleasure of society, and the pleasure of the activity of the golden summer term.

We went to sleep on Friday night. We had read the last page of that chapter of our lives, and turned over the leaf. The Vacation was ended.

VALENTINE STRANGE

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XLVII.—'MISTER,' SAID HIRAM GRAVELY, 'YOU PAID ME LONG AGO. YOU ENLISTED ME WITH THIS HALF-SOVEREIGN.'

IN an hour's time or thereabouts, Mr Search arrived in a frock-coat, tightly buttoned, a slim tall hat, and very accurately fitting boots and gloves. His solemnity and dignity were tremendous. The solemnity remained until he took his leave—the dignity vanished when he crossed the threshold and had once shaken the hostess's hand, and nothing remained of it but that serious cordialness and beautiful sincerity which mark the good American.

In the course of the evening, Mr Search was somehow beguiled into a narration of certain of his experiences of the world and of men and manners. Little Mary sat and worshipped him; and the old lady was filled with wonder and admiration. It appeared that he had been pretty nearly everywhere and seen pretty nearly everything, to the limited experience of his listeners. Mrs Norton confessed him a remarkable man, and was known to say of him afterwards that he spoke English beautifully. It would seem that she regarded it as being a tongue originally foreign to him. Hiram left early, since he had a two miles' walk from the railway station, and reaching the hall, found his employer waiting for him.

'Search,' said Gerard, 'I want to speak to you.' Hiram stood quietly before him; but Gerard arose and began to pace the room with unequal steps. By-and-by he paused, and stood straight before Hiram and looked him in the face. 'I have it on my mind to say something very serious,' he said deliberately. 'It is not easy to do it. Hiram Search—shake hands.' Hiram shook hands, with his gaze fixed on Gerard's. 'You and I know from what you saved me. I can never pay you for it; I shall never want to feel that I have discharged the debt. But will you let me pay you in part?'

They still gripped hands, and looked at each other steadfastly.

'Mister,' said Hiram gravely, 'you paid me long ago. You enlisted me with this half-sovereign,' touching it with the thumb and finger of his left hand as it hung from his watch-chain. 'It wa'n't the gift—it was the way of it. I shall take it kindly if you will never speak of that night again.'

'Will you let me try in part to thank you?'

'I'd rather it rested at this,' said Hiram. The grip he gave the hand he held at the last word, told Gerard all he meant.

'That can't be,' said Gerard. 'In the first place, we are not going to part, I hope, but you are out of my service from this hour.'

'No,' said Hiram.

'Yes,' insisted Gerard, with a husky laugh. 'I discharge you. And now, you true friend and honest man, will you do me the very greatest favour I can ask you? Will you go away and get married and be happy, as you deserve to be, and—with a hurried shamefacedness which made the gift most moving and manly and gracious—'will you take this as a wedding present from a friend?' ('This' was a strip of paper addressed to a great banking-house in London.)

'Mister,' said Hiram coldly, 'this takes the shine off everything.'

'You can't refuse me,' said Gerard. 'You'll take it to please me. From a friend, Search—from a friend. And to a friend—the best I ever had. Good-night.' He shook Hiram hurriedly by the hand again and left him.

Hiram dug the slip of paper sulkily into his waistcoat pocket and stood for a moment immersed in unpleasant emotions. 'I think it's meaner,' he said at last, rousing himself, 'to refuse to take it, than it would have been not to offer it. I wish there was no such thing as money in the hull wide world. Freezes everything, it does.' But he ended by accepting the gift; and when the natural reluctance he had at first felt was over, he experienced a wonderful glow of pride and satisfaction in it. He packed his traps, and left Lumby Hall next day; but before he went, old Mr Lumby sent for him and bade him good-bye and shook hands with him. Hiram's bewilderment at this unexpected proceeding was not allowed to last.

'My son tells me, Mr Search,' the old man said with quivering dignity, 'that you and he have an unusual tie between you, and that you saved him from a great peril, by unusual courage and resolution. My son is very dear to me, Mr Search, and I am grateful to any man who has done him a service.'

Mrs Lumby thanked him also; and Milly gave him a hearty farewell. The women had some guess as to the nature of Hiram's service, though even they were miles away from comprehending the real value of it; but Gerard's father had no suspicion. The head-groom was a great chum of Hiram's, and pretended business in order to have the fun of a drive with him into Brierham. Their way led them by the road a hungry tramp had travelled once upon a time; and when they reached the brow of a certain little hill, Hiram got out and sat upon a certain stone there, and smoked in solemn silence for a time, and then walked on beside the dogcart to a gate where he paused again. He took the half-sovereign in his hand and looked at it, on the spot where it had first come into his possession; and then, with a heart full of quiet thanksgiving, he climbed back into the dogcart and left those scenes behind him.

Nothing less than a marriage by special license would content him; and he and Mary were married by special license accordingly. And when the ceremony was over, by way of wedding-tour what should the quaint creature do but buy a dogcart and a noble horse, and drive with his happy little wife along every foot of the ground he had wandered over on his way to London! He told her the whole story. He showed her the public-house where he had practised the art of chair-caning. He even went inside and sat upon one of the chairs his hands had caned, and drank a glass of ale so seated; and the landlord, not knowing him from Adam, was mightily obsequious to him. And I do not think there was ever a happier wedding-tour than that simple journey afforded. The September lanes were lovely all the way, and the wedded pair had splendid weather. They drove right into London, and Hiram drank a bottle of champagne with that official of the Omnibus Company who had engaged him and discharged him; and dined regally with his wife at the restaurant where he had served as waiter; and paid a pious pilgrimage to the house where he had first met Mary. Then after a month amid the gaieties of the Metropolis, he sold the horse and the dogcart and went down to Brierham; and on the outskirts of the little town he bought a cottage, and there lived in peace and plenty and homely contentment, not spending more than half his income. At this date, he is the father of a boy, whose name is Gerard, and whose godfather is no less a person than the master of Lumby Hall. Hiram himself is an ardent politician, and is counted a safe draw at any political meeting. He fought the last general election with great valour in behalf of a Radical candidate against Mr Valentine Strange, who secured the seat in spite of him. His invective against the policy of Lord Beaconsfield is said to have been remarkably vivid; and many of the leaders of the *Brierham Morning Star* at that stirring period were believed to have been inspired by him.

Good-bye, Hiram! Rugged, gentle, generous, brave, farewell! Ill as I have drawn you, you may stand as a type, which has been limned better many a time by abler hands, of the splendid manhood of the West—a manhood independent, valorous, and kindly; racy of the virtues of freedom; without fear and without reproach.

In following Hiram Search to say good-bye, I have run too fast forward, and have anticipated somewhat. Come back again for but a little while to scenes and people grown familiar.

LOWER PLANT-LIFE.

POTATO AND SALMON DISEASE.

THAT there exists a literal universe of living beings all unknown to the ordinary observer, has long been a fact familiar to those who work with the microscope. Not merely within the compass of a water-drop do they find varied forms of animal and plant life, but even preying upon low animals and plants, the zoologist and botanist discover still lower forms of life. Of late years, considerable advances have been made in our knowledge of these lower organisms, and the fields of lower plant-life are especially being investigated by busy workers, who are year by year contributing additional curious facts to our botanical store. It may form a suitable inquiry, by way of preface to a brief study of these organisms, to ask: 'What is a lower plant?' Popular conceptions of plant-life will hardly assist us here, because the vast range of lower plants lies outside ordinary ken. But we may fortunately find known plants to lead us to the lower depths of vegetable existence, and to initiate us easily into some of the mysteries of life in its humbler grades.

Botanists are accustomed to divide the plant-world into two great divisions, one being that of the 'Flowering' plants, and the other that of the 'Flowerless' plants. The ordinary flowering plants, which are of higher nature than their flowerless neighbours, are exemplified by the common denizens of our woods, fields, and gardens. The buttercup, lily, wallflower, fuchsia, and pelargonium, are as natural examples of the first group as we could wish to see. The flowerless group is, however, just as familiar to us—at least in its ordinary representatives. Thus the fern, mushroom, moss, and seaweed, never produce the conspicuous flowers seen in common plants, and they illustrate accordingly the flowerless section of the vegetable kingdom. The absence of flowers is further discovered to be associated with a curious life-history. The development of a fern or mushroom, for example, is a very different process from the early growth of a lily or an oak-tree; and as the lower plants at large agree with the fern in the essential details of their development, it may be well to select that familiar plant as an illustration of lower plant-life in a phase intimately related to the subject of this paper. When the back of a fern frond or leaf is examined in the autumn-time, a large number of little brown bodies, called *sori*, are to be noticed. These *sori*, on careful examination by the aid of the microscope, are duly discovered to be each a collection of curious little cases or capsules which may be named 'spore-cases;' the latter, as they exist in a cluster on the back of the frond, being covered by a membrane to which the botanist gives the name of *indusium*. Each spore-case

is similar in structure to its neighbours. It usually consists of an oval, flattened body, around one edge of which runs a very prominent ring, which gives to the whole spore-case somewhat the appearance of a helmet. Inside the spore-case are contained the *spores*. In the early history of the spore-case, it was occupied by a single central cell; but this cell gave origin to others, so that when the case is ripe, it may contain some sixty-four or more spores, which float in a fluid that fills the case. Each spore simply consists of a little case containing a speck of living matter or 'protoplasm.' Under the microscope, no structure or texture is discoverable in the spore; yet, as in the undeveloped egg of the animal, the living matter of the spore contains potentially the substance of a new plant, and is adapted and intended by nature to reproduce, through development, the form of the parent-organism.

When the due season arrives, the spore-cases on the back of the fern-frond are uncovered by the shrivelling of the *indusium* or covering. Then each spore-case, on its own account, is fitted to discharge the spores it contains. The ring already noted as surrounding the case in part, now begins to contract—a result probably due to the drying of the case—and the case itself is thus burst open. The sudden action of bursting, causes the spores to become dispersed or scattered in all directions, and those which fall into damp earth at once commence their new existence. For now, the spores are seen to develop the energies which belong to the 'seeds' of other plants; although, as we shall observe, they differ widely in the results of their germination. When we plant the seed of a pea or bean, for example, the most natural of expectations leads us to hope that a pea or bean will grow up directly therefrom. And in the case of all ordinary plants this expectation is duly realised. Not so in the fern, however; for here, the spore which has found suitable surroundings in the moist earth, gives origin not to a young fern, but to a curious little leaf-like body, known to botanists as a *prothallus*. No trace of the fern is to be seen in the structure of this comparatively simple leaf which has sprung from the spore, and which seems in itself to represent the end of the spore's development.

To complete the cycle of development, and to return naturally to the fern-generation with which we started, requires the further study of the spore and its resulting *prothallus*. It may be meanwhile remarked that, as a rule, the number of spores produced by a single fern is very great. It has thus been calculated that in the male shield-fern (*Aspidium filix mas*), one frond bore ten thousand and sixty-two collections of spore-cases or *sori*, from which no fewer than one hundred millions of ripe spores would be produced. Assuming further, that an ordinary fern-plant would produce ten fronds or leaves, the total number of spores produced by the whole plant would be little short of one thousand millions.

We left the leaf-like *prothallus*, produced from the spore of the fern, springing from the damp earth into which the spore had fallen. The *prothallus* itself is the result of division of the cellular structure of the spore, and it finally

appears before us as a beautiful green leaf, heart-shaped in some fern species, but rounded in others. From its under surface, numerous root-hairs or rootlets arise, and these fix the prothallus in the soil, and likewise absorb nourishment. Now, it is among these root-hairs that certain structures of the highest importance in fern-history begin to be developed. The structures in question correspond in a measure to the *stamens* and *pistil*, or reproductive organs of higher plants. The bodies growing on the fern-prothallus are of two kinds. In one of them are produced numbers of curious little moving bodies, somewhat resembling animalcules; and in the others are produced certain cells, which apparently perform the part of 'seeds.' Thus sooner or later, the contents of the two bodies come together; contact of the little moving bodies of the one set of organs with the little cells of the other takes place. As a result, each cell develops into a little body, which soon begins to show a likeness to a young plant. The whole process which takes place in the prothallus too forcibly suggests the fertilisation of ordinary plants, to escape notice; and just as the young plant arises from the fertilised seed, so the young fern springs from the fertilised cell of the prothallus. Then the young root strikes downwards into the ground, whilst the first leaf of the new fern rises into the air, and the underground stem in its turn becomes developed. The outlines of the fern being thus completed, ordinary growth and multiplication of fronds will convert the young plant into the likeness of the adult, which will produce spore-cases and spores, and thus repeat once again this curious history.

As a rule, each prothallus gives origin to a single fern only, and for a time the prothallus will remain attached to the young fern, as if it was intended by nature to discharge towards the young plant the functions of a nurse; just as the 'seed-leaves' of a higher plant nourish their young. But what is of importance to note in the foregoing history, consists in our plainly recognising the fact that the fern has thus a double development. An 'alternation of generations,' as it is called, is clearly represented in its history. The ordinary fern produces a first 'generation,' consisting of the prothallus and its reproductive organs; and these in turn produce a second 'generation,' consisting of the fern itself. Something similar to this occurs amongst animals, as, for example, amongst the zoophytes, that grow in the likeness of plants, and incrust the oyster-shells. Here, from the fixed zoophyte a jelly-fish-bud is developed. This, like the fern-spore, produces 'eggs' or reproductive elements; and each of these eggs settling down, becomes a zoophyte, just as the cells of the fern-prothallus develop each into a fern-plant.

The history of a fern will be found to assist us in a marked degree in the comprehension of the life-histories of lower plants at large. For nearly all the flowerless plants develop in the fashion of the fern. In a moss, for example, a similar process occurs. As in the fern, the true reproductive bodies grow secondarily either on a thread-like body or on a prothallus. A mushroom, too, has an allied history to the fern. On the 'gills' of the mushroom we find the spores developed, and these give origin to new fungi

either directly or indirectly. The liverworts resemble the ferns in their development; and those well-known flowerless plants the 'horse-tails' or *equisetæ* agree with the ferns in having the young plant produced from a prothallus. In a typical seaweed—such as the common bladder-wrack (*Fucus vesiculosus*) of our coasts—the development resembles that of the fern in the production of a young plant through the union of the reproductive elements; there is, however, no prothallus or first generation. But we discover that amongst the flowerless plants very considerable variations in development may exist; the new and young plant being occasionally developed directly, and in other cases indirectly from the parent.

The habits of lower plant-life form of themselves a highly interesting topic. Many species of lower plants are parasitic, for example; and a very large proportion of the skin-diseases that affect man and animals—ringworm being included—are simply due to the habits of lower plants in selecting the skin-tissues for a habitation. The specific disease in each case is to be viewed simply as the result of the plant-growth. Commercially, the lower plants also become interesting when we reflect that a large number of plant-diseases are caused by the growth of these organisms on neighbour-plants, as well as on animals useful to man. Thus a fungus has more than once threatened the commercial prosperity of France, through causing disease in silkworms; and another fungus is the cause of salmon-disease; whilst potato-disease is also the result of lower plant-growth.

The potato-disease may afford a good illustration of those habits of lower plant-life which result in the development of disease in other plants. The *Peronospora infestans*, as the potato-fungus is named, forms as a delicate bloom on the surface of the potato-leaf. When the diseased leaf is examined by the microscope, the fungus itself is seen rising in the form of minute stalks, which protrude through the natural apertures that exist in the leaf. These stalks are jointed, and ultimately become branched, and they arise from a network of threads which lies deep down in the leaf-tissues, and which forms what has been called the 'fungus-turf' or *mycelium*. The ends of the stalks bear little swellings named *sporangia*, and these correspond in a measure, as in name, with the spore-cases of our fern. These spore-cases often fall off entire from the stalks; and occasionally one of these cases throws out a root, which is the beginning of a new plant, and which, finding its way into a potato-leaf, will produce there the characteristic fungus. But more usually, perhaps, the contents of the spore-case—which consist of living protoplasm—undergo a process of division, and when the case bursts, as in the fern, a multitude of little bodies escape. When these bodies gain access to water, they develop a couple of curious little tails, and by means of these tails they swim about as if they were actual animalcules—hence the name of *zoospores* applied to them by botanists. If now, one of these active spores finds its way into the leaf of a potato, it begins to germinate. A tube or root is thrown out from the spore, and this burrows into the leaf-substance. In due time, therefore, it will produce, by simple increase,

the 'fungus-turf' with its stalks issuing from the potato-leaf. When we know that each stalk of the fungus may produce at least one thousand of these little active spores, the reason why potato-disease evinces such a tendency to spread, is not far to seek. For as there may be millions of stalks, there must be countless billions of spores produced by a single diseased plant. But a most interesting observation was brought to light when it was discovered that in addition to the spores or spore-cases borne on the end of the stalks of the potato-fungus, there exist other spore-cases, lying buried in the leaf among the threads of the 'fungus-turf' from which the stalks spring. These latter are called 'resting-spores'; they exist in a state of quiescence; and only develop and spring into vitality after a certain period of quietude. Their office is that of giving origin to new growths of fungi; and from the knowledge of these 'resting-spores,' one may account for outbreaks of this disease after long periods of freedom from its attack. The presumed 'new' disease is, in fact, merely the result of the waking to activity of the 'resting-spores.'

Equally interesting are the phenomena of lower plant-life which the study of the fungus producing the salmon-disease discloses. This latter plant is a near ally of the potato-fungus, and is named *Saprolegnia ferax*. In its most natural situation, the *Saprolegnia* is found growing on the bodies of dead flies which putrefy in water. Another but quite distinct fungus (*Empusa muscae*), it may be here noted, may be seen growing on dead flies, and fastening them by its white stalks to window-panes. Recently, the salmon-disease itself has been studied by Professor Huxley, and the observations of this biologist serve to unite in a singularly interesting fashion the life-history of the *Saprolegnia* and the manner in which it is propagated. Seen growing on the salmon, the *Saprolegnia* seems to exist in patches of diseased skin, which, at first affecting only the scaleless parts of the fish, may ultimately come to appear on scale-covered regions. These diseased patches are each a colony of *Saprolegnia*. The result of the fungus-growth is disastrous to the fish; for, sooner or later, the tissues below ulcerate, and a raw, bleeding surface is thus formed, extending in some cases even to the bones. The fish suffers irritation and pain, and dashes about in the water, rubbing itself against stones, and thus increasing the mischief by laying bare the diseased patches. Then finally, the animal, weakened and ill, succumbs to the disorder. It seeks the banks of the river, gets grounded in the shallows, and finally dies exhausted, a victim to the ravages of a life infinitely lower than its own. Ordinarily, the *Saprolegnia* feed and grow upon dead matter; but it would seem that, as in the case of the salmon-fungus, they may choose the living animal as a habitation. The potato-fungus, on the other hand, invariably infests living plants.

The examination of a diseased patch on the body of a salmon shows that it consists of the same network of threads, which, seen in the potato-leaf, are named the 'fungus-turf'; and at the ends of the filaments or threads of which the 'turf' is composed, globular bodies, similar in nature to those of the potato-fungus, are seen. Inside these spore-cases, the little 'spores' or particles of protoplasm are developed; but it is

a curious fact that in the fungus, as it grows on the salmon at least, the spores have not been observed to be provided with the little eyelash-like filaments or tails seen in the spores of the potato-fungus, and named *cilia*. In the ordinary *Saprolegnia*, growing on the dead fly, on the other hand, multitudes of the little moving 'swarm-spores' with tails are seen. If, however, the spores, liberated from the fungus growing on a salmon, gain access to another fish, they will germinate in its skin, produce the 'fungus-turf,' and in a word, develop the disease. We thus note that salmon-disease is of a highly infectious nature; and we further see that it is 'contagious,' and propagated by direct contact between a healthy fish and the germs of the fungus. From the infected salmon, it is easy to infect a dead fly with *Saprolegnia*. In forty-eight hours after a fly had been gently rubbed over a diseased patch on the salmon, the fly was found to be covered with a literal shroud of the white filaments of the fungus. Thus it is argued, that if the fungus can be transferred from the living salmon to the dead fly, it may, conversely, pass from dead flies to the living salmon. The dead insects may thus, in fact, be the original growers of the fungus; and the fishes may thus be infected from the dead and putrefying insect-population of the waters. It is interesting to note that the salmon-fungus will not flourish in salt water. A visit to the sea will cause the fungus to disappear; although, on the return of the fish to the fresh waters, the disease may again make its appearance. This latter result can hardly with safety be attributed to fresh infection. It is regarded as more probable that the fungus has only been stifled and not killed by the salt water. If we bear in mind that the 'resting-spores' of the potato-fungus may reproduce the disease after long periods of quiescence, we cannot fail to see an analogy between the cases of the plant and the animal. The vitality of the *Saprolegnia*, which has only been checked by the salt water, may spring forth anew on the return of the fish to the rivers.

The causes of the salmon-disease have already been indicated in the statement that upon dead insects the fungi flourish naturally. But the causes of their transference to the living salmon form a topic concerning which we have little or no positive information. Such a fact as the existence of a fungus, usually given to live on dead matter, upon a living animal, may perhaps only be accounted for by supposing either that the habits of the fungus have undergone an extension, or that its range and choice of hosts were wider than has been hitherto supposed. Or we have an alternative supposition at hand in the idea, that the fishes which are attacked present some special peculiarity of constitution which lays them open to the attack of the lower plant. Thus the thoroughly healthy fish may be presumed to escape the attack of the fungus, just as the chances of a perfectly healthy person being attacked with infectious disease are small as compared with those incurred by the debilitated body; whilst, on the other hand, the unhealthy or weakly fish may be presumed to be that which, *ceteribus paribus*, will present a fair field for the fungoid attack. The diffusion of the salmon-disease may

readily enough be accounted for on those principles of exceeding fertility which mark the flowerless plants as a whole. Professor Huxley calculates that a single fly may bear one thousand stalks of fungus, each having a spore-case. Allowing each spore-case to contain twenty spores, and that each case develops fully in twelve hours, we shall thus obtain forty thousand spores in a day of twenty-four hours. In the case of a salmon, as many as two hundred and eighty-eight thousand spore-cases may exist in the diseased patches of its body, this amount giving ten million spores as the product of twenty-four hours' vitality; or enough spores to give one such germ to every cubic foot of water in a mass one hundred feet wide, five feet deep, and four miles in length. And when we lastly reflect that over two thousand diseased salmon have been removed from a small river in one season, the favourable conditions under which the salmon-disease is propagated, are by no means difficult to conceive.

The space at our command will not serve for a further enumeration of other points connected with the habits of the lower plants. But enough has been said to show the vast field of economic as well as scientific interest that finds a focus in the lower ranks of the vegetable world. It may form an argument in favour of the practical utility of science-studies, when we discover that a knowledge of the history of those minute pests is the first condition for successfully attempting their extirpation. No greater boon can well be conceived as being conferred upon our race than the knowledge which tends to limit and check a plague or pest, by showing us clearly and distinctly the nature and habitat of the enemy; and but for the aid of science, we might still be hopelessly fighting many a hidden enemy in the dark.

MARJORIE.

AN OLD VIRGINIAN STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

UPON the night of the 20th of December 1781, the solitary figure of a man was buffeting its way against a blinding snow-storm through the silent deserted streets of Alexandria, that quaint, dead, old-world town, which still slumbers upon the banks of the Potomac, in the pleasant state of Virginia. Passing down Broadway and Maiden Lane until he had left the last houses of the town behind him, he met the full blast of the storm as it swept across the river from the distant Maryland hills. Verily, a man must have had important business indeed to have been out upon such a weird, uncanny night; and the Rev. Nahum Bond, a thin, withered, crop-eared young man, of the true old Independent type, was, as a rule, far too sensible of the comforts of life to be exposing himself unless he had important business in hand. He staggered along for a mile until he arrived at the gates of a gaunt, grim old house which stood some way back from the road, and known to the country round as Braddock's. His knock at the door was answered by a negro, who, carefully opening it but an inch or two, pushed the muzzle of a

huge horse-pistol out and asked who was there. The mention of his name, however, had an immediate influence upon the servant, who threw the door wide open, welcomed him with a broad grin, and led the way across the hall to a long, dark, panelled room, dimly lighted by candles stuck in silver sconces, and where were seated around a table a score of gaunt, grave-faced men, who greeted him with a sort of quiet enthusiasm which sounded like distant thunder.

He who occupied the chair at the head of the table—a big, fine-looking man, who wore his own iron-gray hair—rose as Mr Bond entered, and said: 'Better late than never, Brother Nahum. We waited half an hour for you; but as time is short and business is pressing, we considered it best to proceed at once.'

The young divine muttered something about being detained in the town, and sat himself upon the right hand of the president.

A stranger might have been pardoned for imagining that the object of this meeting was some sort of religious celebration, so stern and grave were the faces of its members, added to the presence of a gentleman in holy orders, and of a huge brass-bound Bible amongst the papers and inkstands which were strewn about the table. But its real character was soon made clear by the big man beside the Bible, who rose and said: 'Now that our number is completed by the arrival of one of our most earnest supporters and hearty co-operators, I think I may recapitulate what we have decided upon, for his benefit. The presence of the redcoat tyrants upon Mount Pleasant has become intolerable; and as hitherto Alexandria has not shown herself to be a distinguished atom of the great glorious mass now known throughout the civilised world as the Free and Independent States of North America, we, as representatives of the town, have resolved that the blow shall be struck. We are men; and as men, it does not become us to listen helplessly any longer to the continual complaints which pour in from all sides of the rapacious acts and insolent bearing of these men who call themselves our superiors. What has been done at Lexington, at Concord, at Wilmington, and at fifty other places, can surely be done at Alexandria. And what we propose to do is this: in five days, the Britishers will be celebrating, with their usual profane riotousness and drunkenness, their Christmas festival; and we propose to take advantage of their being off their guard, to drive them out of the place—into the river, into the woods, no matter where, so long as it be away from Alexandria. I am not a man of blood; but upon an occasion like this, it behoves us to be ready to make any sacrifice. They are not cowards, these Britishers; they will fight, and we must be prepared for it; and I take this to be our solemn duty, as much to ourselves as to every one to whom tyranny and oppression are hateful.'

The grim dark faces which had been gradually lighting up during the course of this impassioned oration, now relaxed altogether as the speaker sat down, and a loud murmur of applause arose, and continued until a tall weather-beaten Potomac pilot rose. 'Good words and true, Brother Hood,' he said; 'and I am sure that we all echo them. For myself, I can guarantee a score of river-side lads who will be a match for any twenty Britishers,

grenades, pikes, and all, although none of 'em have ever fired a gun in their lives except at a canvas-back or a jack-rabbit. And I suggest that we make Brother Hood's house, as being away from the town, our magazine and our place of meeting. My friend and I have overhauled the cellars in which the Britisher Braddock used to keep his wines in '55, and we have calculated that we can stow away there at least five hundred muskets, with pikes, swords, and ammunition in proportion. Now about the men we can raise. The Britishers are a hundred and fifty. We ought at least to have three hundred. 'Cause why? We've discipline and practice against us. As I said just now, I'll write down twenty for my share.'

Then one stern man after another rose—all men of wealth and position in the neighbourhood; and in a very few minutes three hundred good men and true were guaranteed for the cause of liberty.

'So far so good, brethren,' said Jeremiah Hood. 'And we must begin at once; for five days is none too much time in which to make our plans and to insure unanimity of movement amongst three hundred men. Let us each take solemn oath, brother Alexandrians, that we will not rest until every Britisher shall have been expelled from Virginian soil.' He raised the Bible to his lips, and passed it to his neighbour, and so on round the table.

It was rather a striking scene: the dark old room, with its Rembrandtesque effects of light and shade; the grim portraits of old Roundhead Hoods with biblical names and severe faces; the candles in the silver sconces just giving sufficient light to intensify the darkness, and to bring out in strong contrast the shades on the earnest faces of the assembly; all heightened by the low murmur of the gruff deep voices, and the ring of steel as each man, raising the Bible to his lips, drew his sword from its scabbard. The religious ordeal was followed by the more convivial ceremony of passing round a huge black jack brimming with brown October; for the night was bitter, and many members of the league had long distances to go. Then they took up their broad-brimmed hats, buckled their cloaks fast around them, and went out, leaving the parson and the host alone.

'Fill your pipe, Nahum,' said Jeremiah, 'and let us speak of our affairs together.'

A fresh log was piled on the fire, the jack was refilled, the pipes were lit, and the two men drew their chairs to the fire. The contrast between them was striking. On the one hand the burly, square form of the Independent farmer, his broad forehead lined with furrows of determination, inherited doubtless from those stern, conscientious forefathers of his who had preferred the solitude of the American backwoods to persecution and intolerance at home; the beard clipped short; and the sturdy development of the head well set off by the absence of a wig. On the other hand, the tall, thin, ungainly, big-boned figure of the parson, whose garb and bearing proclaimed at once the Independent minister, beloved by satirists and lampoonists. The two men sat puffing their pipes and gazing at the fire in silence for some minutes; then the old farmer said: 'I've been so occupied of late with this project, that I have

had no time to talk of the course of matters between you and my daughter Marjorie. I hope you make as rapid progress in her good graces as she does in her studies.'

The parson writhed uneasily in his chair, and then, after the manner peculiar to his time, replied: 'I would that I could say so, Master Hood. If I advanced as quickly in her opinion as she does in Latin and French, I should be the happiest man in America. I fear she will not need a tutor much longer.'

'Well, then,' said Hood, 'she will be needing a husband. Hey?'

'And I dare give it as my opinion,' quoth the minister, looking askance out of his green eyes at the old farmer, 'that the need will be satisfied sooner than people think—sooner than it could be wished for.'

The farmer took his pipe from his mouth, and wheeling himself round, looked keenly at the young man. 'That is a dark speech, Nahum. What does it mean?' he asked.

Nahum preserved silence.

'You don't mean to say,' continued the old man, 'that she has a—a lover, that I know not of?'

Nahum was still silent.

'Now listen, Master Nahum,' resumed Jeremiah; 'we are both men of the world. I put implicit trust in you; I respect you, I admire you; and I almost look upon you as my son. You have been connected with my family all your life, as was your father before you, and there should not be anything between us. Tell me now: has my Marjorie a lover other than you? I shan't be angry with her, although, of course, I shall be bitterly disappointed; for I have for a long time regarded you as the right man, and it would be a long time before I could reconcile myself to any other. I don't want to thwart the wench's inclination; I don't think that is a father's duty, so long as her lover is a true colonial and a good man.—Well; speak out, man!'

'I fear, I very much fear,' said Mr Nahum, 'that she cares very little for me; in fact, she despises and ridicules me. We have wandered together so pleasantly through the paths that lead to Parnassus, that I flattered myself our journey together would only end with our lives. Ah, Master Hood, it makes my heart ache to think that so good, so doting, so noble a father should be so rewarded! But I fear that she is carrying on a clandestine acquaintance with the very man of all others whom you would least care about her knowing. I have seen them together, I have seen them exchange embraces, I'—

'Who is he?' cried the old man sternly. 'Now, I charge you, Nahum, by all our old friendship, to tell me.'

'Lieutenant Harraden of the King's Regiment,' replied the minister.

The old man started as if struck; his dark face grew absolutely black, and his brow contracted so that his eyebrows formed a bristling black hedge across his face. He slapped his hand on his sword-hilt and said in a voice of thunder: 'She—my daughter, dare to give ear to the love-speeches of a king's officer! to hold converse with one of the instruments of our oppression, the trampers of our crops, the

violators of our hearths, the enemies of our liberty! Rather than she should so far demean herself, I would shoot her!

'Nay, Master Hood,' said Nahum insinuatingly. 'Remember, she is but a young and thoughtless girl; and who ever knew a girl who did not prefer a red coat to a black one, and empty compliments to words of monition? Do not be too hard on her.'

'What sort of young fellow is this Harraden? I know the name somehow. The Harradens used to be neighbours of our family in Kent.'

'He is just as the rest of the king's officers are,' replied Nahum.

'That means to say, I suppose, that he looks upon any wench as fair game; that he drinks his two bottles of wine at a sitting; that he gambles, blasphemes, and fights; is a fop, a bully, and a roisterer? And such a man thinks himself a fit husband for the daughter of Jeremiah Hood, whose grandfather fought in the cause of liberty at Naseby, and three of whose sons are fighting in the glorious cause of liberty in America!'

Nahum had shot his arrow; so he put on his cloak, and wishing the old farmer a sorrowful good-night, went out.

The old man strode up and down the room in angry cogitation for some moments. Then he called the negro Cicero. 'Let Miss Marjorie speak with me,' he said.

The servant, alarmed at the fierce expression upon his master's face, left the room with alacrity; and presently the door opened, and Marjorie appeared—a fresh-coloured, brown-eyed, brown-haired lass, dressed in the sober style prevalent amongst the daughters of Independent families, but with a dash more of coquetry in the shape of a ribbon or two and skirts above the ankles, than was generally sanctioned amongst these stern God-fearing colonists—a pretty, piquant, graceful girl, such as we love to see in old pictures, and to associate with old red-brick houses, standing in many tinted gardens, with smooth-shaven lawns leading down to quiet rivers.

'Did you want me, father?' asked Marjorie, not without a tremor in her voice, as she saw the frown upon Jeremiah Hood's brow, and noted that his hands were tightly clenched behind him, as was his habit when disturbed in spirit.

'Yes, I did,' replied her father, without moving his head towards her. 'I want a few words with you. Shut the door. I hear that you are carrying on a clandestine acquaintance with one of our enemies, with Lieutenant Harraden of the King's Regiment.'—No answer.—'That you, the daughter of Jeremiah Hood, as well known as any man in Virginia as a champion for the rights of the great American people, have so far demeaned yourself as to receive the addresses of a roistering young fop, who will pretend to love you and then desert you; and above all, who wears the livery of the tyrant.'—Marjorie winced a little, but said nothing.—'He is an enemy,' continued her father; 'and all who have dealings with the enemy are traitors to their country and to the holy universal cause of liberty.'

'Who told you this, father?' asked Marjorie.

'Never mind who told me,' replied the farmer. 'I have it upon the very best authority, from

one whose word I have never yet had occasion to doubt.'

'I know—that sneak Nahum Bond,' murmured the girl.

'What's that? what's that?' asked her father, stopping short in his walk.

'I said Nahum Bond was a sneak, and so he is,' repeated Marjorie, who inherited the family spirit, although, as a rule, she was the most demure and peaceful of girls.

'Never—never let me hear you talk of your respected tutor in that way again,' said the angry old man. 'Sneak indeed! That's a new-fangled English word, and sounds very genteelly on the lips of a colonial lady forsooth! I have the very highest respect for Mr Nahum; I respect him for his honesty, for the love he bears me, for his humility, his steadiness, and his thrift. He is the man I had fixed upon as a fitting husband for you.'

'He, my husband, father!' exclaimed Marjorie, terrified. 'Are you in earnest?'

'Ay,' returned Mr Hood sternly. 'Did you ever know me otherwise?'

'Well,' said Marjorie, 'he may be all you think of him, and I hope he is; but if it were only for his being a—a, what I said just now, father, I couldn't love him.'

'But he loves you, Marjorie,' said the old farmer; 'and I can tell you it is something in these days for a girl to say that she is loved by a man of his character and attainments.'

'Yes, I know he does,' said Marjorie; 'he's always paying me clumsy compliments which I hate, and reading love-poetry, and calling me his Dulcinea and his Saccharissa, and I don't know what else besides. A creeping, writhing, yellow-faced creature!'

'At anyrate,' said Mr Hood, 'it is my command that you cease all acquaintance with this Mr Harraden. Return him all his love-letters, for of course you have been writing to each other, and tell him that you cannot keep up a pretence of love with an enemy of your country.'

'I don't pretend, father,' said Marjorie warmly. 'I love him truly and honestly, and I always will; and as to placing Mr Nahum by the side of him, why!—here the damsel tossed her head in the most supreme contempt. 'Ed—I mean Mr Harraden's family have been in Kent since the Conquest. And nobody knows who Mr Nahum is.'

'I don't care about families,' said the farmer. 'I have only to say that I consider Mr Harraden a very unfit person for you to know; and that if I find any further communication passing between you, I shall send you off to your old aunt's in Connecticut, and there you'll have meeting-house going enough to drive all ideas of love out of your head. That is all I have to say.'

Marjorie courtesied and left the room.

Mr Nahum Bond, when he came the next morning to give Marjorie her usual lessons, was uncommonly affable; whilst the attitude of the young lady towards him was distinctly the reverse. The minister could not fail to notice this, so, when the most uncomfortable two hours were ended, he said: 'Miss Hood, how very cold and distant you are to me to-day. May I ask if I have been guilty of anything to offend you?'

'What's the good of your standing there and

asking me if you have offended me,' replied Marjorie, 'when you know very well that you have? I wouldn't be a sneak, if I were you, Mr Bond.'

'A what, Miss Hood!' exclaimed the minister. 'A sneak? Surely a very improper expression to fall from the lips of a young lady at any time, but especially when addressed to one whose life is wrapped up in her happiness and welfare.'

'Then why should you go and tell my father, knowing his sentiments, about my acquaintance with Mr Harraden?' asked Marjorie.

'Your father put the question plainly to me,' replied Nahum, 'and what else could I do? He has suspected it for a long time.'

'Somebody has made him suspicious, then,' said Marjorie, 'for it would never occur to him naturally. I'm ashamed of you, Mr Bond, and I thought better of you.'

'Then try and think better of me again, Miss Hood,' said the young man, 'for I do love you so dearly, and you know that I would not do anything to hurt your feelings or to make you miserable. Can you not love me?'

'Mr Bond,' said Marjorie, assuming a dignified air as well as she could, whilst under the strongest provocation to laugh at the absurd attitude of her wooer, 'I love Mr Harraden; and I do not, I never can love you! Is that not enough?'

A peculiar look came over Nahum's face, such as Marjorie had never seen there before. 'You say, Miss Hood, that you do not and you never can love me,' he said. 'Must I take this answer as final?'

'Quite final,' replied Marjorie; and with a formal courtesy she left the room.

'Final is it?' muttered Mr Nahum as he quitted the house; 'very well then, miss. Your father and all his crew, and you also, shall pay for this decision.'

THE MARRIAGE OF WARDS OF COURT.

THE general superintendence and protective jurisdiction over the persons and property of infants,* which is vested in the Crown, has for a very long period been delegated to the Court of Chancery; and by the Supreme Court of Judicature Act of 1873, is retained for the Chancery division of the High Court of Justice, which takes the direction of their estate, and appoints guardians for their persons only. The young persons thus protected are called 'Wards of Court,' and are constituted such by any suit which relates to them, or on an order for their maintenance being made upon petition or summons, or when money in which they are interested is paid into Court under the Trustee Relief Act of 1847; but unless infants have property, the Court will not exercise its jurisdiction concerning them.

Now, to enable a Chancery ward, whether male or female, to marry, it is necessary to apply to the Court for permission for him or her to do so; which will only be granted on satisfactory evidence that the alliance is a suitable one, and

* Any one under twenty-one years of age is, legally speaking, an infant.

that a proper marriage settlement will be made; on which being done, an order is drawn up giving the ward liberty to marry.

Formerly, the Court of Chancery declined to sanction the marriage of an infant ward when, on account of his infancy, it was impossible for him to settle his real property so as to go along with his title, or to provide for his younger children by the settlement. It is provided, however, by the Infants' Settlement Act for 1855, that every male infant of twenty-one years, and every female infant of seventeen years, may upon, or in contemplation of marriage, with the approval of the Court, make a valid and binding settlement of their real or personal estate on their matrimony.

It is considered a very serious contempt of Court to marry a ward without its consent; and the person who does so, as well as those who contribute and assist at the marriage, are liable to be committed to prison; while, if they are peers or peeresses, a sequestration will be ordered against them; but members of the House of Commons will not be privileged from arrest and imprisonment for this offence.

Among the more noteworthy cases of such contempt of Court are those which have occurred last century and the early part of the present one. Of the more flagrant of these cases, is one in which the son of Lord Tankerville's steward, by the contrivance of a nobleman, married a ward of Chancery in the nobleman's Park; for which grievous contempt they, and a parson in the Fleet Prison, who had been bribed by the nobleman with one hundred guineas to marry them, and also a maid-servant, were all sent to, and kept in jail for a fortnight, except the husband, who was detained there for six weeks. In another instance, a woman in mean circumstances and of bad character was lodged in prison for a long period, for marrying a male ward of Court, who was made drunk at an alehouse, and thus entrapped into the marriage. A very flagrant contempt of Court, under exceedingly aggravating circumstances, was committed by a justice of the peace, and a barrister who was formerly a solicitor, by contriving the marriage of a ward, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, to a schoolmaster in Islington. He was for this serious offence not only sent to prison for five weeks, but was struck out of the Commission as justice of the peace, and prohibited from practising at the bar. In the leading case of *Eyre v. Countess of Shaftesbury*, tried in 1710, before Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, and Lords Commissioners Jekyll, Gilbert, and Raymond, a sequestration was issued against the Countess of Gainsborough, and Lady Shaftesbury, for marrying an infant, who was a peer, to Lady Susannah Noel; which, though not to his disparagement, was done without the consent of the Court or his guardian. In another case, that of *Baseley v. Baseley*, it appears that Mrs Baseley—formerly Miss Anne Wade—was on the death

of her father in 1806, heiress to real and personal property of large amount. She was made a ward of Chancery at an early age; in her seventeenth year she was taken away by Mr Baseley, a young gentleman of no property, and who had no previous acquaintance with her or her family; but he obtained possession of her by the aid of her governess and servants, and in gross contempt of Court. He and the young lady went to Scotland, and were married at Gretna Green in 1815; and were shortly afterwards again married in the Episcopal church of Edinburgh. After residing for some time in Scotland, petitions were presented to the Lord Chancellor on their behalf; but his Lordship would not listen to any application until the ward was brought within the jurisdiction of his Court. Shortly afterwards, Mr Baseley presented himself in Court, when Lord Eldon committed him to jail, where he was kept until Mrs Baseley attained her age of twenty-one.

It also appears that if a guardian connives at an intended marriage of a ward, or if there only be an apprehension that the infant will be married unsuitably either by the guardian or by his neglect, the Court will send for the infant, and commit him or her to the care of a proper person or relative, in order to prevent such danger.

The Court may also prevent a female ward from receiving letters, messages, &c., as was done in the case of Leonl, a Jewish singer. If it is doubtful whether a marriage with a ward of the weaker sex is valid, an inquiry may be made to ascertain this, and all intercourse will in the meantime be restrained; and if it be found that the marriage is illegal, a valid one will be ordered. For moral reasons, this course may also be adopted with a male ward.

It is likewise considered an aggravated contempt of Court for a person to marry one of its wards much above him or her in rank. In Herbert's case, last century, it was decided to be a very gross contempt when an infant ward, who possessed twelve hundred pounds a year, upon coming to town from Oxford, was drawn into marrying a common servant-maid older than himself, and with no fortune. In another instance, in which an infant of good family, the representative of a very old baronet, was about to be entrapped into a marriage with a common bricklayer's daughter, the Court would not permit it, and stopped the marriage. In a third case also, it was considered very criminal in all parties who contrived the marriage of a ward of Court with eight thousand pounds to the son of Lord Tankerville's steward, as already referred to. It appears, however, from several other cases, that the possession of a large fortune by the other party would be considered to counterbalance any but a very great inequality of rank; though the Court would not probably allow a man of no property whatever, although of equal family, to marry an infant heiress of rank with very large possessions, notwithstanding the consent of the guardians and all other parties concerned.

The commitment of a person to prison for marrying a ward of Court without its permission, is often made not merely to punish such a con-

tempt of its authority, but to compel him to execute a proper settlement; and in those instances in which there are mitigating circumstances, the husband, in offering to make an approved settlement, may obtain his discharge. It is thought that the modern practice is not to enforce the power of committal, when the contempt is not attended by any aggravating circumstances, but to hold it so as to compel the execution of a proper settlement. In a flagrant case, however, the husband will not be discharged on his offering to do so, until the Court should think he has been sufficiently punished; nor if it has ordered that he should, for procuring the marriage, be indicted for a conspiracy.

As to the terms of the settlement, when there has been no moral wrong, the terms are not influenced by the fact of a mere technical contempt having been committed. In most cases, when wards of Court have been married without its permission, the husbands have been men of straw, who married for the sake of the fortune; and the Court has therefore generally refused to give them any interest in the property; but if they are of equal rank and fortune with their wives, and make a corresponding provision for them out of their own property, it does not appear that the same rule would be adopted. In the case of Bathurst v. Murray, in 1802, Lord Eldon directed that the husband should have an annuity out of the property during the matrimonial union, as his lordship mentioned that there could not be much expectation of happiness when the husband had nothing, and the wife had the entire power over the property; but this course appears to have been rarely taken. In the case of Hodgens v. Hodgens, tried in 1837, on appeal to the House of Lords from the Court of Chancery in Ireland, Lord Cottenham properly said, that 'when men seek to get advantages for themselves by obtaining possession of wards under the jurisdiction of a Court of Equity, and by so doing are guilty of contempt against its jurisdiction, the Court will seldom if ever permit them to profit by their misconduct, or to enjoy any part of the property, to obtain which has probably been the motive of their proceeding.' The Master of the Rolls, Sir John (afterwards Lord) Romilly, decided to the same effect in the case of Wade v. Hopkinson in 1855; and Lord-Justices Knight-Bruce and Turner entertained the same view in the case of Field v. Moore in the same year. These judgments are also in accordance with the decision of Sir Edward Sugden, afterwards Lord St Leonards, in *re Anne Walker*, a minor, tried in the Chancery Court of Ireland in 1835. It also appears that the property of a female ward of Court will not be entirely settled upon the issue of her first marriage, although she and her guardians may consent to this being done.

From what has been stated, it is clear that our Court of Equity has adopted very strong and wise measures to discourage the marriage of infants under its protection without its permission; and we need scarcely add that those individuals who do so are held as guilty of a grave breach of morality and etiquette, almost beyond forgiveness. Moreover, such condemnable marriages mostly turn out unhappy ones, of which we have several conspicuous examples.

It is pleasing to know, however, that these unauthorised alliances do not often occur, and appear to have considerably diminished during the last half-century.

OUTWITTING THE BRIGANDS.

It was on such a morning as we fog-nurtured islanders seldom witness at home, that I stood upon the deck of the good steamer *Coumoudouros*, watching the nearing shores of the Piræus, which as all the world knows or should know, is the port of the classic city of Athens. The beautiful unclouded sky; the bright outline of the sun-bathed coast; the air laden with the scent of the distant Hymettus; the far eminence with the grand old Acropolis standing out white and bold in the clear atmosphere; and close at hand the mouldering tomb of Themistocles—all combined to arouse such poetic fancies in my mind, that I forgot for the moment the prosaic business upon which I had come. The screaming engine of the busy little railway which carries the traveller from the Piræus to Athens, soon reminded me, however, that I was accredited with a mission from a London Greek firm to their friends in the Attic city; and I was soon whirling over the sacred ground

Where History gives to every rood a page!

We passed the monuments of those doughty champions of the War of Independence, Karaïskakis and Miaulis, and many other objects of interest; and after a ride of three or four miles, I found myself at my destination.

After the first few days, I certainly had a very pleasant time of it, the few hours' work each day acting only as a stimulus to my varied pleasures; and having examined the Acropolis, and lunched by the fallen pillar of Jupiter, seated myself in the ruins of the Pnyx—whence Demosthenes declaimed, and Pericles evolved his plans—I looked around like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer. I thereupon consulted my genial but unwashed host, Kyrie Antonio Pericles Papademetracopoulos—who, although Plato was to him a text-book, and the sayings of Socrates as familiar as the story of Tommy and Harry to an English schoolboy, was always as dirty as a sweep—upon the propriety of betaking myself to where

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.

For one might as well go to Egypt without visiting the Pyramids, or to Rome without entering St Peter's, as to 'do' Greece and leave Marathon unexplored. And when my host tried to dissuade me by assuring me that a Greek gentleman's ear had been sent a fortnight before by the brigands to his obstinate relatives, to hurry the negotiations for his ransom, it so roused my blood, that I vowed I would go if I returned

as close cropped as an English terrier. So away we started—myself and Themistocles the son of my host, a sallow unshaven youth dirtier than his father—mounted upon two high-spirited donkeys, our revolvers well primed, and our commissariat well stocked.

'Adios Kyrie!' shouted my long-named host as we cantered off.

'Never fear,' I replied, waving my revolver defiantly, and feeling that I should be greatly disappointed if the rascals did not show themselves.

On we went, enjoying the scenery and holding a hybrid conversation—he in broken English, and I in sadly mutilated Greek—until in the excitement of the ride, and the glorious panorama constantly unfolding itself to our view, I entirely forgot that there were such beings as brigands in existence.

'Now,' said I to Themistocles, after a ride of some hours, during which my appetite had become unpleasantly sharpened, 'let us look about for a spot where we can bivouac in comfort.'

We soon found a delightful place, sheltered all round, save where through a small opening, we obtained a view of a charming landscape. Dismounting, and allowing our animals to refresh themselves on the grass, we soon made havoc of the good things we had brought. I was lying upon my back smoking a cigarette after the meal, gazing dreamily at the blue firmament; and being too lazy to rise, had called upon Themistocles to pass the bottle.

'Has the fellow gone to sleep?' thought I, still indisposed to turn my head. 'Themistocles!'

But Themistocles heard me not; and when I raised myself upon my elbow, I saw him standing, as if struck dumb and motionless with fear, staring upon the opening. Instinctively I leaped up and clutched my revolver; but before I took a step, the cause of Themistocles' fear became apparent; and three shaggy forms behind three blunderbusses aimed direct at me, made me fully aware that I was in presence of those scourges of Greece, the brigands! But oh! what a metamorphosis! Where were the natty green jackets with silver buttons, the plumed hats, and the *tout ensemble* of the brigands of my youth, of the operas and the picture-books? Three ragged, disreputable-looking figures, clad in greasy sheepskins and dirty clothes, unkempt, unshaven, took the place of those tinselled heroes, and with stern gestures and muttered threats, ordered us to follow them. My first thought was resistance; but when I showed the slightest signs, the three bell-mouthed muskets were bent towards me; and I felt that the odds were too many, and determining to await events, grimly submitted to be led down the mountain by our unsavoury guides.

At last, after winding through ravines and hollows, across glens and over mountain-paths innumerable, this most unpleasant journey ended by our guides calling a halt as we gained the summit of an eminence surrounded by trees and tall rocks, forming an extraordinary natural fortress. Beneath our feet, in a deep ravine, with seemingly but one outlet, and excellently sheltered by overhanging foliage, was the camp of the brigands; and here we found the rest of the shaggy ruffians—with the exception of one who

stood sentinel—enjoying their siesta with indolent content.

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet; and rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of as unfavourable specimens of the human race as could well be found. Seizing our asses by their bridles, they relieved our captors, and led us down the ravine; and having roughly assisted us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

'Bravo, lads! excellent, excellent!' he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and after a cursory examination, we were conducted, amid the excited gesticulations of the brigands and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

'Shiver my mainstays!' exclaimed a voice as I groped my way in; 'they might give us sea-room, the vagabonds, and not land us in this lubberly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor!'

'Haul in, Jack, old chum!' answered another; 'we must make the best of a bad job, mate.'

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words, and finding myself in the company of my own countrymen, would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled through me.

'What cheer, mates?' I cried in the darkness. Answering exclamations of astonishment greeted my words; and in a few minutes our stories were told; and I learned that my new-found friends were the Captain and supercargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Piræus, who, seeking a like object, had met with a similar fate to my own.

'And now,' said Captain Jack Jenkins, 'how are we to get out of this scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a barking-iron here, we'd soon make a passage, I'd warrant!'

'That's all very well,' said Will Johnson the supercargo; 'but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me, I'd guarantee!'

Whatever the supercargo was about to say was cut short by the advent of two shock-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us—to partake of a feast; for we learned afterwards that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity. But as a preliminary, we had to undergo an examination as to our capability of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the Captain using language rather strong for translation to these pages, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who with similar gesticulations to his, endeavoured to imitate the sound of the Captain's words, which of course only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

'You uncombed, dirty-faced vagabonds!' he shouted, 'if I had a few of you aboard the *Annie Martin*, I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard-arm in the twinkling of a jiffy!'

Of course they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage; and I thought it quite as well that they did not understand the language in which he gave it vent.

The operation of stripping us of our valuables

gave me an opportunity to observe the appearance of my companions. Captain Jenkins was the beau-ideal of an English seaman. In age about thirty-five, of a large and robust build, a face broad, manly, and bearded, and limbs such as would delight a sculptor to copy. His height was nearly six feet; and he had an air of command about him which was doubtless bred of his occupation. The supercargo, Will Johnson, was perhaps ten years younger; nearly as tall as his friend, strong and active; and take us altogether—for I am of no mean stature myself—we were three men who, under any circumstances, would be no disgrace to our country; and if any opportunity should arise for an attempt at an escape, I felt certain that we should give as good an account of ourselves as any scratch three, here or there.

Having satisfied themselves of the value of my late father's watch, which I parted from with some emotion, and of the intrinsic worth of the Captain's gold chronometer, as well as the supercargo's watch and diamond ring, we were interrogated, through Themistocles, as to our means. For myself, the name of the firm I was travelling for acted with a talismanic effect upon them, and I was immediately assessed—notwithstanding my protestations—at three hundred pounds. At this price, too, the Captain's freedom was valued; while the unfortunate supercargo—whose business they persisted in confounding with that of owner of the cargo and ship—was unanimously voted to be worth twice our ransom. Having arranged this matter to their own satisfaction, if not to ours, we were told to sit down and enjoy ourselves with what appetite we could muster.

The smell of the roast lamb and the freshly baked meal-cakes, however, soon aroused pleasanter sensations, and dimmed for a time the memory of our griefs; more especially as, under the apparent certainty of obtaining his booty, the chief condescended to be quite patronising towards us, carving the joints himself for us, and delicately handing on the point of a dagger, our several portions. After we had satisfied our hunger with the more solid viands, we were regaled with dried fruits as dessert; and a large jar of a peculiar sherry-coloured but bad-tasting wine of a resinous flavour—which Themistocles described as the common wine of the country—was brought in and set down in the midst of us. This we told them we could not drink; and the chief very generously ordered us a couple of bottles from his own particular store, doubtless the proceeds of a raid upon some well-to-do householder.

Will Johnson after a time managed to ingratiate himself in the favour of our shaggy host and his friends by his genial happy manner and frank bearing, favouring the company with many remarks, which, translated by Themistocles, evidently pleased them. When, too, by sleight-of-hand—in which he was an adept—he performed some simple tricks, and gave them a music-hall song with a rollicking chorus, and wound up with a hornpipe accompanied by the Captain with a pocket-comb and a piece of paper, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the beetle-browed vagabonds laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Will now became on such excellent terms with them all, that he proceeded to take some

freedoms with them; and when he snatched the horn from the cup-bearer, and installed himself in that official's place, ladling the wine out of the wide-mouthed jar and handing it round to the company, his triumph was complete.

'For heaven's sake!' said he as he passed us, 'don't take any of this stuff, and don't drink much of your own.'

'Never fear,' said Jenkins, making a wry face; 'one taste is sufficient.'

And so Will went round with the cup, making a comical remark to this one, and a grimace at that, until the chief—evidently fearing from their hilarity that they were taking too much—ordered them to desist from drinking, and return to their several duties.

Meanwhile, we were sent back into our dungeon, with a sentinel stationed at the opening.

'Not a word,' whispered Will, as we settled down in our prison.—'Here's something, Captain,' he continued, 'that belongs to you.'

'Why,' said the Captain in reply, as Will handed him the article mentioned, 'this is a stopper out of my medicine chest.'

'To be sure it is, Jack,' returned Will; 'and I must apologise for the liberty of taking your laudanum phial; but my confounded back-tooth was so painful on board the ship last night, that I got up and took it, and luckily forgot to return it this morning. You must debit me with the bottle and its contents, for I dropped them both into the vagabonds' wine-jar!'

'What!' we all exclaimed in a breath.

'Now, stop your clappers!' continued the supercargo.—'Jack, you know I'm not bad at sleight-of-hand tricks. Well, in the first place, having contrived to secrete the bottle while the blackguards were relieving me of my valuables, and then having attained the position of waiter, what was easier than to wriggle the bottle down my sleeve, whip out the stopper, and drop the lot into their swipes; giving the bottle a crack and stirring the laudanum up, every time I dipped the horn into it!'

'Bravo, Will!' cried the Captain, seizing his hand and giving it a hearty shake. 'If that's the case, we're safe; for the black-faced rascals won't wake up for a dozen hours I'll be bound. There! our guard has dropped off already!'

And sure enough, the drowsy ruffian had planted himself right across the opening and was snoring loudly.

'Now for it!' cried the impetuous Jack Jenkins, rising.

'Hold hard!' said Will. 'Let them get well off.'

So, settling ourselves down for half an hour, we talked the matter over. At the end of this time, we sent the trembling Themistocles to see how things were outside; and after peeping over the prostrate sentinel, he gave us to understand that all were sleeping except three, and they were retiring to the farther end of the ravine, and would in a minute be out of sight.

'Capital!' said Will, with suppressed excitement. 'Now, each take a pistol and a cutlass from the fellows, and follow me.'

One after the other we stepped across the sleeping brigand at the entrance, Will relieving him of his pistol, dirk, and blunderbuss; while the Captain and I stood by ready to give him

his quietus at the slightest sign of his waking. Then the four of us, gliding like ghosts, assisted ourselves to whatever weapons we could most easily lay hands upon; and as Themistocles was not of much use for fighting, we gave him the bag containing our valuables—which we found by the side of the sleeping chief—as well as several spare pistols, to carry. Picking our way without speaking a word, we advanced towards the open end of the ravine, and just as we turned round a jutting piece of rock, we saw the three sentinels, seemingly in earnest conversation.

'Halt!' whispered Will. 'Now for a rush!' and each singling out his man and clutching his rifle by the barrel—for we avoided the noise of shooting—we sprang forward. Almost simultaneously, and before the enemy had time to observe us, we were upon them, and three rifle-stocks descended upon three shock heads with such force, that two of the fellows dropped like stones. The stock of my rifle glanced off the hard head of my antagonist and crashed against the rock. With a stifled cry, he turned; but in an instant my hand was upon his throat, and the sound died in his gullet; while with the strength of desperation, I dashed his head against the wall-like rock; and after a struggle—in which he wounded me with his dagger—he fell from my grasp, apparently lifeless.

'Now,' said the Captain, 'where are the donkeys?—Come, Greeky!' he cried to Themistocles; 'bear a hand;' and looking around, we espied our four animals just as we left them, but with a brigand sitting by them. Here was an unlooked-for rencontre! He was fully a hundred yards off, and to get at him, we should have to cross a small plateau.

'Leave him to me!' cried Jenkins, preparing to rush forward. But under the advice of the supercargo, he stopped. We could have picked him off easily, but dared not for the noise of the rifles.

'Hang it!' impatiently muttered Jenkins, 'we shall be trapped again, after all;' and without further parley, the impetuous fellow started off, running on the tips of his toes, with a drawn cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other. Just as he was within a few yards of the brigand, the latter turned round, and seeing how matters stood, made for his rifle, which was leaning against a tree a few feet off; but a revolver hurled deftly by Will Johnson—for we had all followed—catching him directly in the face, so effectually stopped his progress, that he fell stunned to the ground.

'You persist in doing all the work,' said Jenkins as we came up to him. 'But quick, lads; off we go!' and in a moment we were on our asses, and under the guidance of our Greek companion, were making with break-neck speed for Athens. Up hill, down dale, on we went for a couple of hours without stopping or meeting a human being; then, just as we were about to cross the summit of a mountain at which we had arrived, a harmless-looking peasant wished us 'good-day,' and was about to pass on.

'Seize him!' cried Themistocles; 'he's a scout.'

So seize him we did, for caution's sake; and as there were no trees near, we tied his hands and legs together, and left him begging for

mercy. But there was no mercy in us, more especially as Themistocles explained that there was such a curious and mysterious connection between the brigands and villagers, that it was by no means unlikely—had we allowed him to go free—he would have hied to the nearest village and roused a swarm of semi-brigands about us.

Having travelled for four hours, and as our asses could scarcely get along for fatigue, we called a halt; and after resting ourselves and watering our animals, we continued our journey until, late at night, we reached Athens, where, round the hospitable board of our host, we soon forgot our troubles.

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF MENTAL PRESCIENCE.

AN article in *Chambers's Journal* (No. 947) on 'Curiosities of Mental Prescience' has brought to my recollection an incident which happened to me upwards of twenty years ago. It produced a great impression on my mind at the time, and shows that there is some mental law in operation that is as yet inexplicable. But I will let the facts speak for themselves.

At the time I have alluded to, I attended a church among the members of which a certain question was then causing a great amount of excitement. Feeling ran very high, and meetings were called time after time to discuss the matter, which touched upon the acts of certain officials. An anti-official party was formed; and I took an active part in its movements. I thought a great injustice was being done, and I did all I could to right matters. Well, a meeting was called one evening in a room not connected with the church, and we malcontents were to be present to discuss the matters in dispute. Our clergyman was exceedingly anxious that party feeling should not run so high as to cause any rupture in the church. That anxiety on his part was put very strongly to me a few hours before the meeting, at which he was not expected to be present, hence I was exceedingly anxious that we should not do anything to give him, personally, any offence. I attended the meeting, having had to hurry from my business to be there in time, and had thus been six or seven hours without food. I mention this, as it may possibly have some bearing on my mental and nervous condition at the time.

The meeting was an exciting one. I spoke in it. I know I had an excruciating headache; and when I sat down, another speaker followed. I listened to him for a minute or two, when, such was the pain in my head, that I rested it on my hand, and my elbow on my knee, and pressed my aching brow. I at once fell into a semi-unconscious state, or a kind of half-dream, call it what you like. I was perfectly unconscious of what was going on around me, though I felt I was in the meeting. In that state I saw, as in a vision, our clergyman walk in, and of course his presence under such circumstances created some little excitement. He told us why he had come, and indeed spoke, as I thought, for about a quarter of an hour, and then bowed himself out. On that, I again as it were came to myself.

Now, to show that I had only been an inap-

preciable small time in that semi-unconscious state, I may mention that I found that the same speaker was on his legs and that I had not lost a single sentence of what he said. Of course, up to that time our minister had not been in. But the marvellous part of the story is, that in a very short time afterwards, and whilst the same speaker was still addressing the meeting, the minister came in just as I had seen him in my 'vision,' and delivered precisely the same speech as I had heard him deliver when I was in the state described, and went out exactly as I had seen him do before!

I don't attempt to offer any explanation of the fact, but give it as a curious instance of mental prescience.

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1882.

Our forces were massed in the dead of the night,
Each man carried nought but was needful in fight,
Accoutred and ready, they sought for repose;
Two hours were thus spent, when they silently rose.

No bugle-notes rang on the calm cloudless air;
A whisper was passed for the march to prepare;
In silence they moved o'er the dark trackless sand,
Took their course by the stars, and with compass in hand

Each regiment felt for the neighbouring line,
And kept its position without sound or sign,
Thus weird-like the army still held on its way,
But halted awhile for the break of the day.

The order was passed: 'Let no man fire a shot,
Until at the trenches the first line has got;
Then rush with a cheer, and the bayonet wield,
The Islamite horde must then speedily yield.'

Sir Garnet's design was a consummate plan;
His soldiers he knew he could trust to a man;
And thus when the muttered command passed around,
His heroes dashed forward with joy at the sound.

Though met with a shower of bullets like hail,
No obstacle could o'er their ardour prevail;
They leapt o'er the ditches and swarmed up the slope,
Dropped inside the works, with the rebels to cope.

No race of the East but must stagger and reel
When charged hand to hand with the British cold steel.
Few minutes sufficed from the first of the rush
The strength of proud Arabi's legions to crush.

The Highland Brigade bore the brunt of the fray;
Their ranks were more thinned than the rest on that day;
While the cavalry swept o'er the mass in retreat,
And cut down their hundreds the rout to complete.

The Indian contingent went straight on ahead,
Till Tantah's old thoroughfares rang to their tread.
The campaign was won; and ere next sun had set,
In Cairo the victors triumphantly met.

All arms of the service have valiantly fought,
Fresh laurels to history's pages are brought;
Enshrined on our flag a new name shall appear,
Recalling the victory at Tel-el-Kebir.

LEITH, November 1882.

W. D.

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